

Aesop Rock

"Bracket Basher"

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Hey

We are experiencing some serious technical difficulties
[...] Mother fucker

Hey yo, must not sleep

I bash the bracket open and reach

The priority's bleached since that '76 umbilical severed

Majorities cordially abhor the pinnacle benders

I got West Nile virus on my TV in the Bronx

I got two hollow pockets and a sleepy hollow mosh pit

Tryin' to blow the spot with wet matches and bottle
rockets

While cop walkie-talkies squawk outside my apartment
- obnoxious

Tonight's special consists of stale fiber from shitty
diner

"Look Mom, I learned to tie my shoes! Hey, can I
borrow twenty bucks?"

Peel back the prickly cocoon a Polaroid turbulent land
unit birth

Student first pedagogue only from brazen action

Wind blown mariner east river shark carry lunge carry
funk ends on caliber

Watch war face painted junkies dance blissfully around
a bonfire and sacrifice life's sanity

Pay a nickel for nose bleed seats in a peanut gallery

Gallop with a Pegasus. Malice with no benefits.

Balance with some sense of bliss in the foulest of
degenerates

My New Year's revolution's gon' be to stop burning
bridges

I'm just gon' bend them towards the couple cats that's
worth the visits

Um, it's like that and that's the Aes thinks

And um, planes are like clipper ships: if they got holes,
they sink

And if the skipper slips the crew shits bricks, whither,
and hit the brink

That's why I take the poison spitter sips and smile big
when I drink

You never knew mayhem walked with Nikes, talked like

a trucker
Hawk the filibuster, Gerber baby lucid Colonel
Mustards
No time to hold my breath.
I'm only here to rap, eat, sleep, grow old and smoke
stokes through the hole in my neck
New millennium. Mad cows and Pentium. Process the
hostage, lock him in the petting bin
Showing pictures of his wife and kids, then wash the
brain
Probably the same mother fuckers that buffed the
trains

Okay okay okay okay okay okay
Must not sleep
Must bash the bracket
Pay the rent, pay the debt
Must slash the fabric
Catch the jackrabbit
Pay the rent, pay the debt
Sleep

Roll into the city with one half of the cannibals
New joint bumping out the whip speakers
Made the escape for a night of making tapes
Now it's back to the cockroaches and preachers
Somewhere a prom queen's giving birth in a bathroom
stall
Hauling a prime directive not to get blood on her
mother's ballgown
I'm son of a stubborn old one track jackal prince
Trucking with the prime directive just to get the goods
and never fall down
Ate the city, spit the bricks, ate the boxcar, spit the
burners
Ate the planet, spit the murder
Funny farm rampage from writing rap for milk money
built ugly
But a couple side effects to make 'em love me
My cipher demeanor left Jesus rubbing genie bottles
'Til the following morning Colombo found a crown of
thorns in urine puddles
You're in trouble
I'm not tryin' to save the world, I'd rather watch it die
slow
So I could spit my grand "I told you so"
Are we having fun yet? Yup. Step to the carnies.
Try to win a teddy bear to impress you favorite barbie
She almost sucked you off at the company Christmas
party
But she won't accept the bear 'til Aesop signs it with a

sharpie

My ex girl bounced without payin' the cable bill

I checked myself in television rehab.

Withdrawal symptoms may include shivering, fevers,
drooling, and chronic masturbation

Now I pray to the gods of pornography and Playstation

Now I lay me down to sleep

I pray the Lord my soul to keep

And if I die before I wake

Give my ASR to El and bury me with my mistakes

Okay okay okay okay okay okay

Must not sleep

Must bash the bracket

Pay the rent, pay the debt

Must slash the fabric

Catch the jackrabbit

Pay the rent, pay the debt

Sleep

Bonus round

This is the hot tin roof stepper

Hold it down with centipede foundation

Mr. Greed who burns rugged obstruction in bunches
like little Jackie, paper, Puffs the Magic Dragon, and
Dutches

We don't need another hero, homie, gallop off on your
My Little One Trick Pony

Holly Hobbie Polly Pocket pretty future destiny

If the slipper fits fire up Cinderella propeller and curtsy
for the munchkins right before

Aesop Rock smashed the pumpkin

Yeah, yeah, iron on gusto rustolium bloodstream.

What's better?

When the wrist slit it leaks out only the bloodiest bubble
letters

Complete with outlines, fill-ins, dates, shading and
shout out columns

for vagrant colonies to follow in redeeming bottles

You're a little tea pot trying to eavesdrop on the
mammoth route

peekin' out from around the rose bush like

"Here is my handle, here is my spout."

Godzilla junkie used to be in love, now out for
gigapussy

Sorry to offend, but sometimes life bends in the middle

So now you have a fulcrum where there used to be a
pillar

and now I got a pulse that bumps less than a cocaine
binger

and now I got no nine to five and still labor days flicker

and now I got a nine millimeter Q-tip with an itchy
trigger finger
See, I really don't feel your persona distortion
ordered by martyrs who martyr self for martyr's sake
Wow fame, if notoriety grew adjacent a jealous dick-
riding sentiments
I'd give you a pound like, "Greetings, Mr. President."
Now, go do your homework

Wow, this kid's going to be big, I mean, real big, I
mean... Order the sequence

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